

ON *Exclusive in The Daily Carmelite*
PAPER by FREDERICK
WINGS O'BRIEN

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JO DAVIDSON, famous sculptor, was not born in Russia, as I said in *The Carmelite*. He is a native New Yorker, is forty-eight years old, and has a home in Paris, and an ancient chateau near Tours. He has visited Carmel to be with his friend, Lincoln Steffens, of whose son, Pete, he made an extraordinary statue, now in Steffens' Carmel residence.

§ §

AND NOW, the gigolos of Hollywood hotels demand to be called *dance cavaliers*. They allege women patrons try to corrupt them with tips. Women have rights. Thousands of men pay ten cents or more at taxi dances for each brief whirl with a weary girl. Why should not an amorous and lonely woman spend her money for what she wants most?

§ §

PROFESSIONAL feminists, male or female, are a sad lot. They are, at least, so I have found, frigids, failed lovers, or merely fame and job chasers. In America, feminism has done its work; it becomes man-hating politics.

§ §

THE REMAKING OF MARRIAGE, a new book, by the Swedish psychiatrist, Paul Bjerre, is interesting, especially, for its illumination of trial, or companionate, marriage.

§ §

THESE UNITED STATES, with a Quaker President, spend more money for militarism, past and present, than any other country.

§ §

THE YOSEMITE valley has been made safe for fat bridge players. Despite the beauties, freaks and dangers of the great gash, the principal entertainment is indoor cards. Outside, the auto does all the work. I spent a May there when cars were barred. We walked or drove in a coach and four or six. Now, the prevailing odor is not nature, but gas.

§ §

DON Diego Rivera, great painter, will be a professor at the U. C. summer school next year. He will crash the gates of many temples of art.

What Constitutes Modern Music?

A Letter from HENRY COWELL

Recently in this and other near-by regions, there have been performed certain compositions by contemporary composers. The music did not satisfy—it seemed a bit vague, and perhaps over-voluptuous, mooning sentimentally, without "getting anywhere." Rather to my surprise, I have frequently heard such music blamed onto the moderns. "If this is modern music," I often heard, "then I do not like modern music!"

This brings up the matter of defining what is meant by "modern" music. No one is more opposed to the above-mentioned type of recently written music, unfortunately often played by conventional organizations to represent contemporary compositions, than the modern composers. They feel that the name of contemporary music is being outraged by the inclusion of such works on programs otherwise made up of great standard classics. Music which can genuinely be given the title of modern music, through the generally accepted usage of the term, must contain some elements of freshness, of indigeneousness. It must also have some emotional akinness to the present age, must not be a throw-back. The sort of recently written works which use rather conventional harmonies as a base, throwing in a few semi-dissonances for effect, and emotionally gush in fervent mid-Victorian style, cannot be ranked as modern, as the term is correctly employed. Such works ruin the reputation of modernism on account of the very strong negative reaction which they induce in intelligent listeners, who sometimes through not knowing, believe them to be representative of modernism in music.

This pseudo-modern music, of which Respighi, van Dieren, Pizzetti, Cyril Scott, etc., are examples, is often played by performers who are too conventional to accept genuine modern music, but

Final Brosa Recital

The last concert of a series of four will be given tonight by the Brosa Sting Quartette in the Studio Theatre of the Golden Bough. Mrs. Marie Gordon requests that the audience show the same appreciation as they have by being in their seats promptly at 8:30 o'clock.

The program consists of a Haydn Quartet, "The Emperor," in C Major; a quartet by Soymanowski in C Major; the Stravinsky Concertina for Strings; and Ravel's Quartet in F Major.

New Postal Regulation

Size and weight limits on parcel post shipments will be extended under new regulations, received by Postmaster W. L. Overstreet yesterday, to become effective August first.

The new weight limit will be one hundred pounds to all zones, instead of the present maximum of seventy pounds with zone limitations; the revised size limit will be one hundred inches girth and length, displacing the present limit of eighty-four inches.

Play-Reading Postponed

On account of the illness of Mrs. Carol Eberts Veazie, the reading of Lynn Riggs' "Green Grow the Lilacs," scheduled for July twenty-ninth is postponed to Friday, August twenty-eighth. Noel Coward's play, "Private Lives", will be read on the original date, August fourteenth.

who wish to give contemporary composers a chance. The spirit and contents of this hemi-demi-semi-modern music being a throwback, it can be understood to a certain extent by these performers, and although they do not totally approve, they are willing to give at a hearing. The acceptance by such performers of this sort of music, however, gives it an undue importance to those listeners who are used to accepting other's judgments rather than their own.

Let's all be wary, and not be fooled by this sort of thing any longer!

Personalia

Mr. and Mrs. Boke Laughlin visited Mr. and Mrs. Keith Evans Sunday. Mrs. Laughlin is the daughter of Chester Rowell, San Francisco columnist. She and her husband are on their way to Mexico and will return to their home in Berkeley next week.

Miss Halldis Stabell, physical culture teacher, has just received her final naturalization papers for American citizenship.

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Miss Ruth Waring will have a reception at her studio on Eighth and San Carlos Saturday afternoon, in honor of Mrs. Catherine Seideneck, who is now exhibiting her paintings at the Waring Studio.

George Hall, son of Mrs. Gerald Hall of Casanova Street, is visiting his mother this summer after a year at Princeton.

Monte Barrett, writer of detective and murder stories, is in Carmel now working on a new story for his publishers, Bobbs-Merrill. A recent book of his, published by Bobbs-Merrill, is "Murder Offstage." Mr. Barrett also runs a comic strip in a San Antonio (Texas) newspaper.

Mr. Robert Joyce came down from San Francisco to spend the week-end with his family on Monte Verde Street.

Mrs. Ethel Uhlman, of New York City, is visiting this summer with Mrs. Wellington Clark, of Pebble Beach. While she is here, Mrs. Uhlman is studying sculpture with Gordon Newell.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Kennistan of San Francisco, have taken the Sunshine Cottage for two weeks.

Mrs. Rowena Manning, and her two children, Rowena and Sonny, have arrived in Carmel from San Francisco. They will remain here for a week.

Mr. and Mrs. Rolden Borden of Los Angeles are spending this week at their cottage on Dolores Street. They are cousins of Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Johnson of Carmel.

PUPPETS COMING

"Dressed in his best suit of clothes," the Perry Dilley Puppet Theatre will bring down from San Francisco one of their newest shows to the Denny-Watrous Gallery on Saturday and Sunday, August eighth and ninth. "The Emperor's New Clothes," adapted from a tale by Hans Christian Anderson will be given Saturday evening for adults, and the plays that have been chosen for the children's matinees are "Red Riding Hood," and "The Dragon Who Wouldn't Say Please"

FROM TIBET

The Persian felts that have just been received by Ruth Waring, interior decorator, are made in Tibet by family industry. Each family has its separate design, which is pounded into the wet felt, layer by layer, with bare feet. These rugs are similar to the Numdah rugs but are much thicker, and can be left out in patios during all weather. The design contains a pattern of a gourd-like figure worked ingeniously.

A BUSY ARTIST

Mr. Philip Nesbit, Carmel artist, has just received a commission from Mrs. Paul Hunter to decorate her salon in murals. The murals will be composed of animals and flowers. He has finished a stone carving in relief for Mrs. Willis W. Walker of Pebble Beach. Mr. Nesbit is leaving Carmel early in October for Chicago, where he will give a series of lectures concerning his new illustrated book for children, "Trum Peter's Tea Party," published by Coward-McCann, New York.

APPOINTMENT

Mr. James White, of Del Monte, has just been appointed head auditor of the El Paseo Corporation service stations.

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THE DAILY CARMELITE

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Carmel Day by Day

Up and anon. Thoughts while meandering. Sauntered down the main esplanade of our dorp. Aghast—one of the village antiques stood well singed with a charcoal top. Owls, bats, fleas and mice must have scattered helter-skelter as the ghosts of the past moaned the requiem. We could stand some more bon-fires on the Avenue but next time let's keep the Civic Salamanders away from the Lettuce Field Cut-Ups. The Volunteer-Asbestos Boys chalked up high in that combustible fracas. The village is now out of its teens; establish the Fire-Boys on a remunerative basis; utilize that desert expanse stigmatized as the Civic Park for a Beau Brummel Fire-House and do it now before we loose our shorts and other knick-knacks. Howl less about picayune incidentals, viz; hand-bill distribution and give us some loquacity plus virile action on housing facilities plus a few Napoleons for incendiariistic-prevention. That's telling 'em, I'll Gadfly, you almost got your winglets cauterized by that Saturday Night Gould Vesuvius. Cautious I'll feller.

Now that the tree-beauticians have done some surgery and lifted the Avenue's faces, tear down the cremated land-mark and instal a sky-scraper done in vista "a la espagnole." That would greetingly offset the Agean Stables done "a la dilapidation mephitic." Bah, says me, as I void my rheum upon that Garlicy Nucleus. "Empfinden Sie Uebelkeiten?" You have nothing on me; I gather a colossal mal de mer every time I linger near that Empyreumatic (note—this has nothing to do with the word—'empyrean') Citadel. If this seems a bit evasive, lexicog., stranger, lexicog., a little.

Now that the Wild West Fiasco has vent its spleen on the Thrill-Cravers and our food-purveyors have punctured their cash-registers advantageously, we now settle down to some steady crocheting until local theatricalities try out all our cards on dramaturgy. Peeped in on one of the Bard's deliriums the other *noche*; also cavorted over to the Aural Bough. They are doing their darndest to vie with the Bernhards, Maantels, Soth-erns, Barrymores and their coterie. Let's go and give dem thespians the glad

hand. I'll be there with my antennae marcelled and my wings steam pressed and sun-dried. Look for me. A hint at my detection; my uppers rattle; new a new set; I smoke Old Gold and therefore cough, sneeze, wheeze and lisp. Sunny Boy done exit. See you anon.

HOWARD EXHIBIT

by GLORIA STUART

One gains the feeling of smooth roundness in all of the oil paintings John Langley Howard of Carmel exhibits in Haviland Hill, the University of California, Berkeley. These pictures, with drawings, water colors, and two pieces of wood carvings will remain in that gallery all summer.

The most finished and beautiful of all the oils is a still life containing a modelled head upon a table, with a scarf and bottle near it. The composition is superb, and is the main point of interest in the painting. Mr. Howard's color, composed of rich blues, reds, and yellows dominate the picture. Due to his excellent use of foreshortening, the picture contains extraordinary depth.

The Family, second in interest, is a small canvas containing the mother, baby, and the father. The child occupies the centre of the painting, the father's forehead and eyes are visible in the lower left hand corner, and the mother holds a cigarette in the upper right hand corner. Only her head and one hand appears. The composition is again the most intriguing theme in the picture. The blonde heads of the group, in dark yellow, form a sloping figure S, while the mother's hand holding the cigarette breaks its smoothness.

A sculpture in stone called "The Hypochondriac" is a head of startling content. The dilated eyes stare, and the mouth is drawn back in a wry expression. The whole impression is of an unreasoning, powerful influence at work. The other sculpture is in wood. The wood is cracked and worm eaten, but contains a beautiful lustre. It is carved into the face of a woman,—sharply and cruelly carved.

The drawings, of children mostly, are put upon the paper with a mystic delicacy. Here are none of the strong, unlovely lines of most moderns, here is a new expression of beauty. The water colors are painted in pale colors that run into each other. In some paintings, ink is used, outlining trees, or hills.

Coming from the exhibition one carries away an impression of intense roundness and fullness. This is due to the manner in which Mr. Howard applies his paint, and the style in which he draws. He carries his theory of roundness even into the sculptures.

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UPTON SINCLAIR: THE MAN AND HIS BOOKS

by FREDERICK O'BRIEN

Who is the best known American author in the world? Sinclair Lewis, who got the Nobel Prize? Dreiser, who sold his talkie rights for one book, "An American Tragedy," for \$90,000? Mark Twain, who made a million or two out of a score of books? No, none of these. The most famous writer in America, abroad, is Upton Sinclair, who is a poor man, who might have made millions who despises money except to aid him in circulating his own books; in propaganda for communism, socialism, the brotherhood of man. He lives in Pasadena, has been pursued by mobs of realtors, boosters, rotarians, lions, to hang him, or, at least, to make him shut up his red mouth,—his ceaseless talking and writing about the unfair distribution of wealth, of the crimes of politicians in government, of the destruction of humankind by the overlordship of Big Business. In Los Angeles and the adjacent Bible circuit, Sinclair is anathema to most people.

He sent me the other day a Bibliography of his works as published. They, some of them, appear in thirty-four countries, in thirty-three languages; altogether five hundred and twenty-five titles. In twenty-eight years of labor,—he is fifty-two years old,—he has put out thirty-four volumes, and is still busy writing more. I doubt if any other American or English author has equalled his immense industry, and conscientious devotion to what he considers his duty. He is more influential in Russia, Germany, Japan, Scandinavia, than any other American. His books are in Yiddish, Hebrew, Ceylonese, Turkish, Finnish, Bulgarian and other outlandish tongues, as well as in every great language of the globe. His latest books is, *A Roman Holiday*. All his books are

propaganda, all with a set purpose to change and reform the world, and, especially, his own America. He was born in my own natal city, Baltimore, and is one of the very few sons of that comfortable, satisfied, gentlemanly, old metropolis, to interest himself in anything but good living, making money, and keeping up with the first families. The other Baltimore notable is Mencken, the opposite of Upton Sinclair in method, and yet, maybe, striving towards the same goal,—the tearing down of the false gods of bogus religion, rotten democracy, pretense. Sinclair is a puritan, a prohi, constitutionally interested only in serious things, in effort towards conversion of the unregenerate. Mencken is a merry man, loves company, wit and music, fine fare and light wines and beer. Sinclair has often fasted for two weeks at a time,—not a bite; Mencken not over four hours. Mencken, too, is celebrated in foreign countries, but only among the *litterati*, whereas Sinclair is the scripture about America in all Russia and Germany, for the workers, the dispossessed, the puzzled victims of capitalism. Sinclair's books are worth reading, some of them are powerful attacks on our most sacred institutions. All are sincere, without regard for the opinions of literary critics, or newspaper editors. And yet, I weary of them. I have not found one untrue, as far as I know. But, oh, Lord, for laughter and sun, and what is called art!

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